us a funny story before he resumed reading poetry. Mrs. Dobie substituted for him during his absence until he could return to finish the year.

During my last two years at UT I visited Mr. Dobie occasionally and heard about his progress on *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*. So when I graduated in 1929 and moved to Philadelphia to work, I watched the papers for its publication. I could not find a copy in local bookstores, so I wrote to him and he sent me an inscribed copy in the imitation rattlesnake-hide cover for $3.75. In later years I bought everything that he wrote as it was published.

In 1931 I lost my job and returned to Texas to work in the oil fields as a petroleum engineer. Soon afterward, I joined the Texas Folklore Society and through Mr. Dobie was able to get back copies of all TFS publications. From then on, my interest grew into a lifelong thirst for all Texana, especially Texas history and folklore, including a longtime membership in the TSHA.

Up until a few years before Mr. Dobie's death, I visited with him in Austin numerous times, often to get him to inscribe his latest work. Early in the 1930s in his "B" Hall office, he told me about his course "Life and Literature of the Southwest," which I regretted was started after I graduated. He gave me a mimeographed list of recommended books, which he replaced in 1943 with a paperback book.

Much has been written about J. Frank Dobie the maverick, the liberal opponent of the establishment. To me he was always kind, generous with his time, and almost like a godfather. I relish my memory of knowing him.

Memories of an Influential Meeting on Waller Creek

Meri Jaye*

"Bienvenido, Welcome—welcome to my home," was the greeting I received on my first meeting with the *maestro* J. Frank Dobie. I had telephoned him from Mexico City the previous week, introducing myself, reminding him of my father's and his mutual interest in the cowboy artist Charlie Russell, and explaining my father's last wishes were that I go to Texas to meet him and compare notes on the collections they both had acquired through the years of the great western artist's paintings, letters, and bronzes. He agreed, during that telephone conversation, that I could fly up to Austin the following week. And so here I was,

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having had a Mexican taxicab driver take me from the airport to the Dobie's Waller Creek residence.

I was unprepared for the courtly manner of the Texas professor, and I was also surprised by his resemblance to Charlie Russell, with the same shock of white hair over his forehead, as he graciously guided me into their home and immediately began to show me his Russell collection. Then I listened to him describe how none of the other western artists had really felt or understood the West as Charlie had captured it in his works. He derided artists like Remington, who only traveled to the West, but Charlie had 'lived' the West all of his life.

When later we walked out onto a big screened-in porch, I remarked on the many figures of roadrunners on display around the room, saying, "Oh, *maestro,* you like the roadrunner?" And his taciturn answer was, "It's my totem." This was the first time that I had heard the word used in this way, and it made me think about the valiant characteristics of this admirable animal, and I decided then and there that I, too, would adopt the word for my vocabulary and use it with my own longtime love of the eagle.

During our talk about our favorite authors, and in particular, writers on the history of the Mexican-Texas border country, I inquired if he knew the writer who lived in Mexico City named Anita Brenner, who had written the book titled *The Wind That Swept Mexico:* He responded with quick enthusiasm, "But she was my pupil, the brightest I ever had!" With that mutual admiration established, he asked if I would like to go upstairs and see his library, and I eagerly followed him up to a marvelous treasure trove of books.

In his library there were stacks and stacks of books from floor to ceiling and he showed me his favorites, very carefully, some for the writing, some for the research, some for the bindings, and a book of Dickens titled *American Notes*, with an illustration by Charlie Russell.[1] He spoke of how lonely the Englishman must have felt in this country, and how he, too, had felt, longing for the Southwest during the cold winters at Oxford in England. I then described how I had tried to find a sense of place as a child and had grown up, in many parts of the world, always seeing the bronze of Russell's called *Secrets of the Night* on my father's nightstand, which through the years was the constant symbol of the

[1] Dobie possessed a copy of Charles Dickens's *American Notes*, which was published as volume 11 in Richard Garnett (ed.), *The Complete Works of Charles Dickens* (30 vols.; London: Chapman & Hall, 1900). Charles M. Russell drew an ink portrait, dated 1911, on page 193 of the book. The portrait is apparently Pitchlynn, head chief of the Choctaw tribe, whom Dickens describes on that page as being dressed in "our ordinary every-day costume." Dobie wrote in the margin: "Not so in Russell drawing." The book is now in the Dobie Library, which is a part of the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin.

West to me. The figure of the medicine man hunched down over the embers of the fire, with the big owl on his shoulder that brought him the secrets of the night. . . .

Realizing suddenly that a far more generous amount of time had been given to our visit than I had anticipated, and that I had forgotten the taxi driver waiting to drive me back to the airport, I impulsively leaned out the upper-story window and called out to him "Perdoname, he estado tan feliz con mi visita con el caballero profesor, olvidé el tiempo!" At that I turned around to hear Mr. Dobie say to me, "Yo no soy caballero, profesor sí, mira Ud. este libro, hay tiempo para todo, recuerdase, 'el hombre rico es el hombre que tiene tiempo.'"

Since that time, through the years of correspondence and exchanging of books, I have always remembered that initial visit, when I learned from *Maestro* Dobie that "a rich man is a man who has time. . . ."

The J. Frank Dobie I Knew

Jack Maguire*

When I entered the University of Texas in 1942 to complete my journalism degree, I knew J. Frank Dobie only by reputation. Since everybody everywhere seemed to know, or know of, Dobie, I wanted more than anything else to meet him and, if at all possible, to enroll in his famous course, "Life and Literature of the Southwest."

I sought him out in his ground-floor office in old "B" Hall and walked in unannounced. He was sitting at his battered desk in his shirt sleeves, a sweat-stained five-galon[1] hat perched on the back of his head. He looked up briefly when I walked in, finished the sentence he was typing, swiveled his chair around and took the oom-paul-shaped pipe that was his trademark from his mouth.

"Hello, son," he said. "Can you write?"

There was no other greeting and no handshake. But his face beneath the shock of white hair broke into the famed Dobie grin that, in the years that I was privileged to know him, invariably reminded me of Santa Claus.

"I hope so," I replied. "I think so. And I want to take your course."

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[1] Dobie taught me early on that there is no such thing as a ten "gallon" or five "gallon" hat. It's *galon*, Spanish for the decorative braid Spaniards have worn on the brims of their sombreros for centuries. Thus a five-*galon* hat, regardless of the crown size, is one with five *galons* around the brim.